

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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NO. 88.

GEORGE O. BARNES.

God is Love and Nothing Else.

PRAISE THE LORD.

LOUISVILLE, DEC. 11, 1888.

DEAR INTERIOR—YOUR SEMI-WEEKLY begins to pall upon my taste slightly. I miss Bro. Barnes' letters greatly. I find it difficult to state how much I enjoy them; and so, I shall take measures to gratify myself, by seeing that they resume their regular appearance.

If this looks like Sheridan's man, who never spoke of himself without uncovering and making a deferential bow, I can't help it. I really believe—so great is the force of habit—that I miss my own letters far more than any of your subscribers do; which, I am afraid, looks very much as if I thought more of myself than any one else thinks of me. Being like the average human, I suppose, this must be "about the size of it."

And as I date this, I am reminded that the concentrated symbols of resurrection—three 1s and three 8s—appear in a date for the last time before that august event hall happen. God grant that the work that requires hardness, as good "soldiers of Jesus Christ."

"Oh let my lamp be burning,
When Jesus comes,
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes."

I have been in the house—Wm. Reynolds', Peoria, Ill.—where dear Bliss, one sleepless night, wrote the words and music of that wondrousong. How "his soul keeps marching on," in that thrilling melody! There is something essentially imperishable in true poetry and music. It is the language of immortality.

But I must speak a word of apology for my long silence. It has not been quite voluntary. The fact is, we have been so unsettled for the past two weeks that writing has been almost out of the question, beyond the ordinary, brief correspondence, business and other, that has to be attended to "on the spot." I recall one crowded day in which we were in four towns, which almost equals the perambulations of the knights of the gripe, called "commercial travelers."

The glorious meeting in Paris closed in abounding blessing—just as we would have it. Bro. Sweeney being first on the ground, as he generally is, harvested the "first fruits" in a most industrious fashion, and is, at this writing, I believe, continuing a blessed "revival" series of services. I hope the other brethren will follow his good example and "gather them in." That is the proper and scriptural division of labor. The evangelist is a "shepherd's dog," barring the ministry, who brings the wanderers off the hillsides and out of the hollows. The pastor folds the sheep and cares for them tenderly. Both are gifts of God; and both have their own distinct work. I would that all the Lord's helpers saw this. There ought to be no friction. Neither can do the other's work well. "Whereunto ye are called" is the Master's division of His servants. The devil tries to get things mixed, according to his wont; and so, how often we find one "called of God" to be an evangelist, doing a pastor's work, and vice versa. Confusion is bound to follow. I think I was about the poorest pastor a church was ever saddled with. Why? That was not my work. I have been successful as an evangelist. Why? It was my work. Alas! most of us waste the marrow of life in going aimlessly around, in a sort of devil's chase, trying to find out what we are fit for. Some never discover their mission at all. And some begin theirs at the jaded close, instead of the cheery and vigorous beginning of life's journey. Blessed, indeed, are those who "begin at the beginning," and go steadily on.

After Paris, came two days at Winchester. A rested sojourn it was at "Dovecote Hall," where preside the dear children whom we love so well. Sweet sisters, these, whom, may kind heaven defend from soaring hawk or greedy vulture, in all their happy future. Our Sisters Eton and Gordon, ever zealous of the truth, had bestirred themselves, and seen that the court-house was ready and the meeting extensively advertised. Dear prized, fellow-helpers are those "elect ladies." God bless them, ever.

The two lectures delivered in Winchester were fully attended. Both nights were dimly dark and the slop underfoot was depressing, to a degree. But the people came out in shoals, "all the same." For the first time, at Winchester, I got my lecture on Lost Israel into something like logical shape, to suit my own mind. Really, four would hardly suffice to put the interesting subject, in something of detail, before the people. But I can compress into two, by the present arrangement, most of which is absolutely essential to say; so as to prevent confusion, with those who are unfamiliar with the topics I touch upon.

The first lecture is on the "Lost Tribes of Israel." The second on the "Vanished Sceptre of Judah." I think I can make them more interesting, as practice gives proper consolidation, and a better

logical arrangement of material. "Lecturing" is rather a novelty to me, and I am free to confess, is not as easy as regular "preaching." But I get along pretty comfortably by approximating a preaching, as near as the "proprieties" will permit.

Wednesday and Thursday we spent at Georgetown, where the lectures were repeated; and where we were entertained by our steadfast friend, Mrs. Gov. Cantrill. We met, Thanksgiving Day, at the Governor's, our old friend, Gen. Fayette Hewitt, and Mr. Virgil, his brother and ours. Frank, of course, accompanied them; as bright and boyish as at Rugby, and growing up a splendid fellow. He'll soon be into trousers, heigho! I like him so much better in knee-breeches. But we must all bow to the inevitable, I suppose.

What a delightful two days we spent at Georgetown! What a lovely home it is, where we rested, in the most charming way; with everything that wealth could furnish, or love supply, to the Troupe! It was the "rocking-chair" of genial hospitality; delicious as a transient enjoyment; but which we would not dare to indulge in for long, if we wanted to keep our nerves and muscles braced for the work that requires hardness, as good "soldiers of Jesus Christ."

We had an appointment in Lebanon for Friday night, but missing connection we suddenly determined on carrying out our original programme—to take in Lancaster and Stanford en route. Hiring a carriage in Danville, we made Lancaster "in the gloaming," and driving up to the Miller House, found our old host and firm friend, Sam Miller, on the sidewalk. His polite but formal "good evening" as he opened the carriage door to supposed strangers, gave place to an energetic "Hallelujah!" as he recognized the Troupe. Then he proceeded to make our unexpected arrival as dramatic as possible. Led by him, we scuttled with bent heads in front of the glass doors of the public-room, where John was, at the moment, sitting, and looking right across the line of our stealthy approach. Running rapidly up stairs, we burst in upon Sisters Mary, Sue and Douglas Woodcock. Shriek, shriek, shriek, followed by double-barrelled exclamations from the feminines; single ditto for "Bro. Barnes," all talking at once, after the familiar method that most delights the female heart. Meanwhile Sam was off, down stairs, to bring John up and paralyze him, too, with surprise. I think he prevaricated when John asked him what "Mary wanted;" after he had told him his wife was calling for him. Then we had another "surprise party" over John, when he came quietly in, to find out why he had been sent for. Then all of us talked together, with very little listening, and Babel reigned for a space once more.

At last we quieted down and got in a little rational conversation, and spent a most delightful evening.

The next morning we took to our carriage and drove over to Stanford, to strike the L. & N. and put ourselves beyond misconceptions. Lunched at Col. Welch's and had a most pleasant hour with friends tried and true.

Made Lebanon in due time, and began in the court-house Saturday night. Mama and I at the Hotel Norris and the girls guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anthony. We remained at Lebanon till the following Wednesday, preaching, and singing to crowded congregations.

Four days were all too short; but the Presbyterians were to begin a protracted meeting Wednesday night, and we would not break our rule of non-interference with other services. This self-denial has been little appreciated, but to do right is "all in all" to us, in this gospel of Love and Nothing Else. I don't think we are working for human approval—dear to us, as it is—and so are in a great measure independent of it. There is immense advantage in that. It would wear life away to be always hankering after what we failed to receive. The dear Lord's approval is always ours, when in the right. What a comfort!

Twelve years before, almost to a day I began, alone, this itinerant ministry, in Lebanon. To re-visit it, after that interval, was full of deepest interest to me. I was not "counted worthy" to preach again in the house where, for a month, in Dec. '76, I held forth. Since then somebody has RETROGRADED OR GONE ON. My good friends think I have done the first. I am fully perswaded I have done the second. They, themselves, acknowledge they are *in statu quo*.

It is easy to say "Bro. Barnes has gone back since we saw him last." But has he? And who is to judge? Has ANY one a right to "judge" unless they have lived a better life than "Bro. Barnes" and have so far outstripped him in the Christian race as to be in a position to judge him correctly. I wish some of my friends would look at the matter from this standpoint, for their own sakes. Not for mine; for, long since I have said with Paul, "It is a very small matter with me, to be judged of man's judgment. He that judgeth me is the Lord."

But it is not a "small matter" with others, as they will find, to judge a brother. We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklin's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. A. R. Penny, druggist.

er, or "set a brother at naught." There comes to all, that "judgment seat of Christ," when such things will finally be settled. It grieves me sorely, for others, whom I love, to have them incur such risks, by settling so grave a question in this slashing, off-hand, unjust manner.

Lebanon is also a landmark to me as the place of residence of that sturdy Presbyterian—Saint Thomas a Bracken, through whose instrumentality, more than any other's, I was forced to withdraw from that august body—the old school Presbyterian Church—"South of God"—as Proctor Knotell tells it, in his imitable way. He likes me not, being exceedingly jealous of the "traditions of the elders," that I hold in such esteem; but I owe him a debt of gratitude for getting me out of my ecclesiastical straight jacket, that I can never repay.

He reigns, with almost absolute and well-deserved authority, over his flock in Lebanon; and if I had remained long enough, there would have been "trouble in the camp," of a surety; for some of his "sheep" and "lambs" were beginning to nibble very happily at Bro. Barnes' "heresy."

If the Lord will, in the spring, I purpose returning to Lebanon, when I hope to get many more of his dear people to hear me. Perhaps, by that time, the good man will, himself, come out and crop the "green pastures" where the dear Lord is leading me. What a melodramatic finale that would be, to this bit of ecclesiastical history!

Since coming to Louisville, the papers have kept you fully informed of our movements. How we began in the Central Mission to a "crowded house," which sounds big till you discover that 100 to 125 people will jam the little room to suffocation.

However, Bro. Munnell did a brave, good thing in standing by us, for which the good Lord will reward him, I am sure. And we have, long since learned not to "desire the day of small things."

Another brave man is Bro. Cockrell, of the Cumb. Pres. Church, who had me to preach for him Sunday and Monday nights. God reward him, too!

Bro. Howes, pastor of the Wesley M. E. church, also kindly invited me to preach for him last Sunday night. God bless him!

Leiderkranz Lower Hall was as much jammed Sunday afternoon as the little mission room; and many went away, at night, from the Cumberland church, cor. Oak and 2d, unable to get even standing room. So you see we are getting a "hearing," as we asked; and of very little we want to reach. Praise the Lord!

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Chicago has beaten her own record by turning out 20 divorces in one day.

—Fountain Morgan and Miss Mollie Starner, sweet 16, were married in this county yesterday.

—Wm. Emmett, of Casey, who enters upon his third matrimonial venture, obtained license to marry Miss Sarah Roberts, of this county, a maiden of 30, yesterday. Mr. Emmett is himself on the shady side of 50.

—Mrs. Folsom indignantly denies the N. Y. Sun's story that she is to marry a consul, or any one else, and adds, "I am amazed that a newspaper should be decent enough to give currency to such a story affecting one whose only offense is her relationship to the wife of the President."

Cards of Thanks.

CRAB ORCHARD, DEC. 12.—Through the columns of the INTERIOR we desire to return our heartfelt thanks to the good people of Crab Orchard and elsewhere for the many kindnesses bestowed upon our darling Maggie during her long illness.

And to Dr. Doores, especially, we are truly grateful for his untiring efforts to relieve our loved one. May God in His mercy shower His richest blessings on one and all, is the prayer of her broken mother.

KATE EGERTH.

RICHMOND.—Andy McChord, a good citizen and a prosperous farmer, died Saturday, aged 56. Bales & Miller received \$5.35 for their cattle in New York which is equal to \$4.65 at home.—Climax.

—Two Ohio dogs in human shape contested for a raw-egg-eating prize, when one got away with 31 and the other 36, the latter remarking that he would guillie down another dozen if anybody would pay for them.

BUCKLIN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklin's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. A. R. Penny, druggist.

The Interior Journal Man in Casey.

LIBERTY, DEC. 13.—Another six months has rolled around, another circuit court is in session here and another time I am in Liberty. For six long years I have heard the court-house bell announce the convening of "big court" and I confess I feel, as my jolly host, Bob Pierce, says of me, I am either one of the "necessary essentials" or "necessary evils" attendant on circuit court. This is pretty tough if my republican friend referred to above means the latter; but I suppose he has a right to say what he chooses as he and his party have the president, the Senate, the House, the hide and tail, and of course they have the right to commit such insignificant offenses as to abuse a democrat occasionally. Mr. Pierce sets a fine table though and gives you a No. 1 room, it matters not of what political faith you are, and this goes toward ameliorating a fellow's feelings to some extent.

Lebanon is also a landmark to me as the place of residence of that sturdy Presbyterian—Saint Thomas a Bracken, through whose instrumentality, more than any other's, I was forced to withdraw from that august body—the old school Presbyterian Church—"South of God"—as Proctor Knotell tells it, in his imitable way. He likes me not, being exceedingly jealous of the "traditions of the elders," that I hold in such esteem; but I owe him a debt of gratitude for getting me out of my ecclesiastical straight jacket, that I can never repay.

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E. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

To the Citizens of Stanford.

I have rented the most business of W. F. Ramsey and will occupy the shop on Lancaster street. I take a liberal share of patronage.
85 JOHN P. DEPAUW.

NEW COAL YARD.

I am Agent For The

SUPERIOR LILY COAL,

And will keep it constantly on hands in my yards in Stanford.

Also Lime, Sand & Hair.

Give me a call.
JOHN B. HIGGINS,
Stanford.

1889.

Harper's Weekly, ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly is a well established place as the leading weekly in the United States. The interest of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serials and short stories by the best American popular writers, as well as for the pursuit of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. Supplements are frequently provided and no expense is spared to bring the highest order of artistic ability to bear upon the changes in plan and arrangement of the paper, the works of fiction from the pen of William Dean Howells and one by Capt. Charles King will be among the leading features of the Weekly for 1889.

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Per Year:

Harper's Weekly	\$1.00
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Harper's Bazaar	4.00
Harper's Young People	2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

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Bound volumes of Harper's Weekly for three years back in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail postage paid, or by express free of expense, provided the freight does not exceed \$1 per volume, for \$7 per volume.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail postage on receipt of \$1 each.

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1889.

Harper's Bazaar, ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazaar will continue to maintain its reputation as an unequalled family journal. Its art illustrations are of the highest order, its literature is of the choicest kind, and its fashion plates, house and garden departments of the most practical and economical character. Its pattern-sheet supplements and fashion plates alone will save its readers ten times the cost of subscription, and its articles in decorative art, architecture, home-furnishing, every-day life, make it indispensable to every household. Its bright short stories and timely essays are among the best published; and not a line is admitted to its columns that could offend the most fastidious taste. Among the attractions of the new volume are Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Alexander, William Black and Thomas Hardy, and a series of papers on nursery management by Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

How to Put One Up for a Very Trifling Outlay of Money.

No home, especially where there are children, is complete during the holidays without a Christmas tree. The latter are grand, elaborate and costly in the families of the rich; but even houses of circumscribed means can put up trees that will sparkle and please for a very trifling outlay of money. Tinsel is cheap, but it glitters, and children rarely stop to estimate values.

A pleasing effect is produced by brushing the prickly foliage of the tree here and there with mucilage and then sprinkling common salt upon it. Among the cheap, home-made ornaments to hang upon the tree may be enumerated empty egg shells adorned with delineated pictures, walnuts wrapped in tin-foil or gold paper, pine cones varnished, then bronzed or sprinkled with salt; cranberries or pop corn strung on twine, gold-paper chains, made by pasting one ring within the other, colored tissue paper, etc. The tissue paper is cut into long strips about four inches wide, and closely cut across, but not entirely across. Then it is slightly dampened and held over a hot stove, when it curlis up and looks well when thrown here and there across the tree.

It does not require much skill to fashion balloons, gondolas, cage-coaches, etc., out of stiff paper, and afterward covering it with gilt or silver paper. Figures cut from advertising chromos or colored fashion plates can be fastened to the balloons, gondolas, etc., and really look very pretty. The same skill can adorn the base of the tree in landscape style, with tiny fences, rustic bridges, an old mill, etc., using moss for meadow, red sand for roadway, white or silver sand for paths, twigs of cedar for trees, a piece of looking-glass fringed with moss for a lakelet, etc. Bunches of ivy berries for the tree can be variously colored by first dipping them into a hot but weak solution of starch, and then into blue, red or yellow powder or into powdered bronze.

Motives for the tree or around it can be made of white cotton wool. The letters are cut out of card paper, to which the wool is glued. When dry, pull the wool so as to give it a puffy or snowy appearance. Trim the letters carefully afterward and fasten them on a dark background. Letters decorated with rice have the effect of carved ivory. Cut out the letters on cartridge paper, cover them with a thick coating of paste or glue, and while yet warm drop the grains of rice into it. The rice grains can also be made to resemble coral by dipping them into red sealing wax dissolved in alcohol. Letters covered with crumpled tin foil have a good effect and resemble frosted silver, or they can be made of hoarfrost, and have a rich, cord-like appearance. The leaves are strung with a needle upon twine of the proper length, passing the needle through the center of each leaf.—Detroit Free Press.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler as he turned his footstep from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat tomorrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman.

"Because," answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel at Devil's Bluff lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the lake into the valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be buried."

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"Very well," said the priest, "you'd better get out of the way."

"In that case," said the priest, "you'd better get out of the way."

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that's doing it—it's the cursed Indians."

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SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., DECEMBER 14, 1888

W. P. WALTON.

LUMBER YARD!

I have purchased the lumber yards of Messrs. George D. Warren and L. M. Bruce and will open a big yard at the one purchased of Mr. Warren. Besides lumber in rough and dressed, I will carry a large line of window sashes, doors and shingles, laths, posts and the picket fence formerly sold by Mr. Warren. C. T. S. S. G. HOCKER.

POSTED.

This notice forewarns hunters, fishermen and others not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Signed:

J. T. HILL, GEO. D. HOPPER,
J. M. McROBERTS, JR. M. S. BAUGHMAN,
ROBERT MCALISTER, J. E. BRUCE
S. H. SHAW, S. H. BAUGHMAN,
MRS. HENRY BAUGHMAN, A. M. FELAND
E. T. PENCE.

K. R. DAVIS.

HILTON & DAVIS

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,
ROWLAND, KY.

Have a stock complete in all its departments and deserve to have all the attention of the public to their stores. Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Boots, Sheet Dry Goods, Notions and Family Groceries. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Will have our Christmas Stock by December 1st. Call in and look at it.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons holding claims against Mrs. Sarah Cook, dec'd, will present them, properly proven, to the undersigned on or before December 15th, 1888.

A. C. ROBINSON,
Adm'r of Sarah Cook,
Gilberts Creek, Ky.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE!

Having built a new Slaughter House at much expense, I desire to inform the public that I am fully prepared to butcher hogs and cattle. Work entrusted to me will have my personal care, and those having animals to kill may rest assured that the work will be neatly & promptly done.

M. T. ELKIN,
Stanford, Ky.

81



R. B. GEOGHEGAN

SUCCESSOR TO

M'MICHAEL, THE HATTER,

511 4TH AVENUE,

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

The Nobbiest & Most Stylish

Stock of

HATS,

Ever brought to the city of Louisville, now open including the world-renowned

KNOX & JOHN B. STETSON & CO'S. HATS

And also my own importation of English Hats and Caps. An elegant line of Canes and Lyon's Celebrated Umbrellas always on hand. Fine

SEAL SKIN SACQUES, CAPS,

Gloves and other Furs, a specialty. Orders outside of city solicited, perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Don't fail to order a NOBBI HAT.

STILL IN THE LEAD!

The Weekly Gazette,

(Weekly Edition of the Commercial Gazette.)

The Foremost, Freshest and Fairest

Weekly newspaper published near the center of the population of this great Republic and mailed to any address for less than two cents a week, by the year. This paper advocates with the strongest emphasis AMERICAN IDEAS in the conduct of all our government affairs, the elevation of our people, the betterment of their financial and social conditions and the purity of our AMERICAN

CONSTITUTION. It is, strictly speaking, a FAMILY

NEWSPAPER, and should be in every family in this broad land during the next 12 months. The Weekly Gazette is a great educator, and every department is full of interest to old and young. The news is given from every part of the civilized globe, in proper form. A variety of sketches of travel, adventures, long and short stories, appear every week.

Send for a Sample Copy. Price \$1 a Year, or 6 months for 55 cents.

The Semi-Weekly Commercial Gazette,

A fifty-six column paper, published every Tuesday and Friday, and contains the general news at home and abroad.

Price \$2.40 a year, or 6 months \$1.25. Sample copies free.

The premiums offered with the Weekly and Semi-Weekly Gazette are valuable. Address

THE COMMERCIAL GAZETTE CO.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

MUNN HALSTEAD, President.

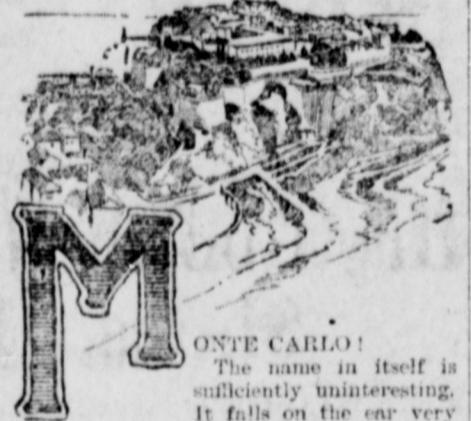
RICHARD SMITH, Vice-President.

FAIR MONTE CARLO

The Most Luxurious Gambling Place in the World.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.

Some Interesting Details of the Daily Routine of the Place—Brilliant Lights, Music, Balm' Air, Excitement, Luck Both Good and Bad, Joy, Despair, Death.



MONTE CARLO!

The name in itself is sufficiently uninteresting. It falls on the ear very like the names of innumerable other spots in the south of France and in sunny Italy. But taken in connection with the place itself, what a story the bare name tells, and what a part it has played in the ill fated lives of many hundreds, even thousands, of reckless adventurers and confirmed gamblers, feverish worshippers of the playful goddess Luck from every part of the world!

Round and trente et quarante are not the only fascinations of Monte Carlo. The little principality of Monaco, only three miles long, which includes Monte Carlo, is a paradise—a subtle enticement to recklessness. The air is balmy and always warm. In the midst of December you can send orange blossoms or Marceau Niel roses from Monte Carlo to your friends in northern Europe. The sky is marvelously blue, and at night the stars seem to fairly blaze with a brightness and intensity that is only observable on the shores of the Mediterranean. The blue Mediterranean itself, eternally dotted with well filled saila, washes the base of the towering peaks of Monaco.

Nature throws a luxuriant and deceptive mantle over the iniquity of Monte Carlo.

MONACO IN LITERATURE.

And then, the Casino! Who has not heard of the palatial Casinot of the European novelists of the day, who write the horse, half absurd, half tragic books now so immeasurably popular, all have something to say about the Casino at Monte Carlo. As, for instance, "As in a Looking Glass," that sensation of last year, which was afterward staged by Mrs. Langtry. The book—rather mandrily, to be sure—tells considerably about the Casino, but spreads a very misleading gloss over the gilded palace of human weakness.

Every want of man or woman, good or bad, is provided for in this magnificent Casino. Twice a day the finest orchestra in Europe gives an hour of delicious enjoyment to the excited and overwrought denizens of the place. The cafe is one of the best chefs on the continent. The liquors are half a century old.

Behind the Casino the ground ascends for some 400 yards, and here have been built many hotels which, with a few shops and a sprinkling of villas, constitute the little town. The olive covered slopes of the Alps Maritimes rise precipitously behind, sheltering

MONACO IN LITERATURE.

and overbearing, and the croupiers do not like to deal with them. They are nearly all young—that is, the majority of them are under 30. Occasionally you will meet a deceptively wicked old English duchess at the tables, with wrinkled face and exceedingly palpable wig—but she is as eager and grasping at play as a young Frenchwoman sitting beside her, who is playing not so much for the love of play as for the love of money, of which she is in constant but vain expectation of winning a fabulous amount.

You will meet many Americans at Monte Carlo, and they play constantly but cautiously.

They are not the Americans such as are described in the pages of English novels; that is, tall, peak faced, vulgar parvenues, with a goatee, a grotesque and impossible dialect, a constant quid of tobacco in their mouths, and a general manner of offensive arrogance.

There is no such American as this.

If there ever was the present writer is too young to remember the species.

On the contrary, the American men at Monte Carlo rather excel, if anything, the men of any other nation to be seen there. They are indisputably better dressed, are better mannered than the Englishmen, and far more manly than your bobbing Frenchmen. They are better looking, too, and infinitely more self possessed.

A BRILLIANT SEASON AHEAD.

This season at Monte Carlo promises to be the most brilliant in its history. The Prince of Wales, who has frequently broken the bank in the past ten years, is to spend a few weeks there, and boards of noblemen and lords of rich commoners from all parts of Europe and America are constantly arriving.

It is not only considered glorious by the elite to spend the winter at Monte Carlo in gambling and doubtful amusements, but it is positively regarded as "the proudest thing, no boy." Even the most Puritanical people relish their stringency in regard to wintering at Monte Carlo, and your respectable beef eating, port drinking English father, no matter how fixed and stern most of his ideas about morals may be, will take his daughters with as little thought or compunction as he would take them to the Lyceum in London. Few people enrich themselves at Monte Carlo. Of course you will read in your paper occasionally that So-and-so broke the bank, but it is rare, and the only reason it is made so much of is because it is so rare. In roulette the chances are in favor of the bank, and this is so of all the games of Monte Carlo. This fact alone will undoubtedly tend to make the divorce proceedings a cause celebre.

GEORGE BIDWELL.

George Bidwell, who astonished the world and mystified financiers by outwitting the officials of the Bank of England some fifteen years ago, is now a ticket-of-leave man in New York city, and has published a minute account of his crime. It is a sad story, and ought to be an object lesson to men tempted to do as he did; for he was the most talented of swindlers and yet he was caught and suffered fourteen years' imprisonment. He is now 25 years old, and though in good general health, is somewhat lame and has a badly twisted wrist and hand—the effect of long familiarity with manacles and gynes. He does devoting the proceeds of his book and lectures beyond a bare living for himself and wife, to securing the release of his brother Austin, who was tried and received a life sentence at the same time with himself, and who, it is said, is paroled.

GEORGE BIDWELL.

George Bidwell belongs to one of the oldest and best New England families; the first Bidwells came over in the Mayflower, and one of them, John Bidwell, was a partner in building the first grist mill at Hartford.

For over two hundred years the family maintained its high character and some twenty years ago the new ticket-of-leave man was a trusted bank employee at East Hartford. He became involved through gambling and dissipation, and thus fell into crime. Being unusually skillful in bank frauds, he became more confident, and, with three others, formed the bold design of defrauding the Bank of England.

"I came," he says, "to the conclusion that

excitement, many in the room, especially the gamblers who are playing for play's sake and not for the money, are filled with something more material and marked in its effect. Absinthe is the usual liquid of these gamblers.

SUICIDE.

A writer tells of seeing a fat-faced young Englishman, almost a boy 14 years, but ancient in experience of a not very elevating sort, spring up disgusted from the tables after a peculiarly exasperating streak of ill luck.

He drank absinthe all the afternoon.

Curiously enough, the tone he sought was not forthcoming.

The fact is, he died five hours after he quit the tables.

He had killed himself undoubtedly. He had mixed strychnine with his absinthe. He did not want it known after his death that he was a self murderer, so he ostentatiously drugged huge quantities of absinthe all the afternoon thinking that his death would be attributed to that cause.

It was—by his mother. "Absinthe, too rapid living, and heart disease superinduced by excessive excitement," said the nervous doctor to his heart broken mother, who had instantly started from England for Monte Carlo on the news of her son's death.

The physician knew better.

But physicians at Monte Carlo have to be often so often that they get used to it.

Few people die natural deaths at Monte Carlo.

Bless you, my boy, no.

The losers, that is those who are ruined, usually shoot themselves. Some prefer to depart this life by means of poison. There were eighty-seven suicides at Monte Carlo last season, a large proportion of whom were women.

WOMEN AT MONTE CARLO.

At least a fifth of the players at Monte Carlo are women. And eager gamblers they are. They are clever enough to play, and are always looking out for cheating on the part of the bank, but they are selfish, disputatious and overbearing, and the croupiers do not like to deal with them.

They are not the Americans such as are described in the pages of English novels; that is, tall, peak faced, vulgar parvenues, with a goatee, a grotesque and impossible dialect, a constant quid of tobacco in their mouths, and a general manner of offensive arrogance.

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WOMEN AT MONTE CARLO.</

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., DECEMBER 14, 1888

W. P. WALTON.

DOUBLE NUMBER.

We do not assert that marriage is a failure, far from it, but it has not improved John Bosley's temper. In the last issue of his paper he lets off some of his bile at us and actually is mean enough to suggest that it will take at least 600 more "biles" to purify our frame and give a true Christian spirit room to abide there. The cause of his tirade was an article in this paper which stated that Wilson was elected in the 10th by the votes of railroad negroes and white miners, many of whom had no right to vote. The returns show this plainly enough for Gov. Buckner to withhold his certificate and we still, notwithstanding Bre'r Bosley's yelp, stick to the original charge.

MR. C. C. MOORE, the lively and always interesting reporter for the Lexington Transcript, satisfied himself with simply holding until an officer arrived a fellow named Graves, who came to his office, called him a liar and finally attempted to strike him. This non-combatant, Christian spirit was doubtless acquired during Mr. Moore's long service as a preacher of the gospel, but it is safe to assume that the example will be lost on his brethren of the quill. The best treatment for a bully who comes swaggering around a newspaper office is the knock-down, stamp and drag out plan, and we are sorry to see Dr. Moore attempt to improve on it.

MRS. WHITNEY, wife of the secretary of war, as good as accuses Ingalls of starting the scandalous stories about President Cleveland's bad treatment of his wife, and those who are acquainted with the vindictive creature are apt to give credence to the charge. He partially denies it in an interview, however, and says Mrs. Whitney evidently relies upon the prerogative of her sex for immunity. But such a creature as Ingalls is not likely to give her that immunity. A woman is about the only thing he would fight, judging by his cowardly back down when our Joe Blackburn was preparing to climb his dirty carcass.

A FEW years ago the Kentucky State Grange was a most powerful organization and for a while carried everything in a sling, the legislature in the bargain. This week what is left of it met in a small parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Louisville, and there was still left room enough in it for another organization equally as large. The faithful few seemed very much in earnest and went about formulating plans for a revival of interest in the order, as if they had the highest hopes of success.

THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the prohibitionists met in Pittsburgh to settle up the affairs of the recent campaign and to lay out plans for the future. Among the latter it was decided that the Southern field was the one that needed most attention and that it should receive it unsparedly. The treasurer's report showed that \$32,000 was expended in "legitimate" campaign purposes.

CLARA BELLE, the Cincinnati Enquirer's fashion correspondent, says that in tony circles it is no longer the thing for women to kiss on meeting. The dear creatures have, we presume, decided that such osculatory performance is a simple waste of sweetness on the desert air and that in the future they will bestow their favors only where they will be most appreciated.

JUDGING from an article in another column the white spoilsmeen are not going to have it all their own way this time. The old black man is going to demand recognition and an office, and if they are not forthcoming there is going to be trouble among the pot-hunters.

AN EFFORT is being made in West Virginia to change its name to Kanawha or Alleghany. Since she only went 536 for Cleveland and it is not yet decided whether a democrat or republican is elected governor, she can name herself Dennis if she wishes.

GEN. BRAVO, whose term as Interstate railroad commissioner is about to expire, has been re-appointed by the President, but as he is a democrat and the term is for six years the republican Senate will find some excuse not to confirm him.

THE HOUSE has passed the direct tax refunding bill which will take \$20,000,000 from the treasury. It is of doubtful propriety and we are glad to see our representative, Gov. McCreary, voted against it.

NEWS CONDENSED.

— Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, was re-elected Tuesday without opposition.

— John R. King and his family of 8 persons were burned in their house near Cookville, Texas.

— Hon. John M. Glover, of Missouri, has been made chairman of the House Committee on Private Land Claims.

— Charles A. Ellison and his brother's wife, Mrs. Lillie May Ellison, were suffocated by gas in a Baltimore hotel, where they had registered as man and wife.

— Tom McNamara fatally cut conductor J. B. Bain, of the Cincinnati Southern, at Lexington and made his escape.

— The Chesapeake & Ohio bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati is nearing completion and will be ready for use by Jan. 1st.

— By the explosion of meal dust in a Chicago distillery, four persons were killed and many wounded. The building was damaged \$150,000 worth.

— In Mercer county, West Virginia, 700 persons have been indicted by the grand jury of the Federal court for illegal voting, including the prosecuting attorney, who has two against him.

— Robert Thuman, who was charged with stealing Bookmaker Riley's money-box from the Phoenix Hotel, Lexington, was acquitted Tuesday. One of the witnesses testified that Sterling Graves, an attorney for the defense, was interested in the theft, but it is not believed.

— William Benson, a farm hand, cruelly murdered old man Jacob Mottweiler and his wife near New Albany, Ind., because they objected to his marrying Sallie Snyder, a sister of Mrs. Mottweiler, who lived with them. He was arrested and placed in the penitentiary to save him from a mob.

— A woman who gave her name as Jessie Hood and claimed Somerset or Nashville as her home, and who has been living in a bawdy house at Harrodsburg, was found Monday on the railroad track horribly mutilated. It is thought that John Freeman, who has been keeping company with her, knows something of the murder, and has been arrested and his trial set for to-day.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

— Ninety-one additions at Eld. Zack Sweeney's meeting and the great revival still progressing.

— There will be Sunday-school and preaching at the Christian church next Sunday morning, the church having been completed and ready for occupancy.

— Chicago has 44 Lutheran churches; 29 Protestant Episcopal, 24 Presbyterian; 24 Baptist and 28 Congregationalist. Each church has in addition a number of missions.

M. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

— Old time corn huskings are having a big run now.

— Pat Welsh has re-opened his grocery store near the depot.

— A number of the public schools close this week, including Mt. Vernon's.

— James Baker was seriously injured at Pine Hill Tuesday by slate falling upon him while digging coal.

— Miss Mary Brown, of the Freedom neighborhood, was thrown from a horse Monday and badly injured.

— Gold and Bank stocks have increased during the week. Its a boy at Chas. Golden's and a girl at Wm. Bank's.

— W. H. Albright writes back from Colorado and says he has taken up a homestead and is getting along nicely.

— At a turkey shooting at Brush Creek Saturday, after killing all the turkeys, Andy Mason and Pete Langford exchanged shots; no one hurt; no arrests.

— The County Medical Association meeting here Wednesday was not very fully attended, on account of unavoidable detention of a number of the members having numerous calls from patients.

— Hugh Miller, deputy clerk, went to the northern part of the county Monday to have some parties sign up a deed. One woman refused to sign it until assured it would be of no benefit to the democratic party.

— Murray Boring, of Nashville, after an absence of 23 years from Mt. Vernon, is here visiting relatives. G. G. Wine, of your town, was here to day. James Hix starts to Palestine, Tex., to-morrow. A. T. Fish goes to Abilene, Texas, in a few days.

About Horses.

To the Editor Interior Journal.)

STANFORD, Dec. 11.—The excellence—one might truly say the superiority—of the American thoroughbred over all other horses is not merely an American boast, indulged as a gratification of native pride, but is clearly demonstrated by comparison, contest and competition.

That the combination of blood possessed by Lexington, to transmit to his descendants speed, power and durability to vanquish their competitors, has been shown by their success ever since they first began to run. A recent issue of the Live Stock Record, carefully noting the stake winnings of 2 and 3-year-olds in '87 and '88, shows that all the 2 and 3-year-olds that have won each \$5,000 and upwards, number 58, while 53 of them have one or more crosses of the Lexington and Boston blood. The total amount won by the whole number foots up \$767,158.50, of which amount the 53 won \$723,718.50, leaving only \$43,378 to the others. These are statistics for '88. Nor is this year an exception, for in '87 45 2 and 3-year-olds won total of \$608,450; of the 45 37 had from one to more crosses of Lexington and Boston blood, and won \$518,324, leaving only \$80,135 to the representatives of all other strains. The 2 and 3-year-olds of '87 and '88, who have each won \$5,000 or more, number 103, 90 of these having Lexington and Boston crosses, and have won \$1,242,104, leaving to all others winning each \$5,000 or more \$133,513. And further, the time test shows from 23 tables of fastest time on record, from 1 to 4 miles, 20 have been made by representatives of Lexington and Boston blood. With such facts as these, why import the less valuable horse

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ing far back as shadows fall, when the evening sun is low.

Preserve the pure metal we have and let others be proud of their tinsel. L.

A PLEA FOR THE COLORED MAN.

The Time to Send White Spoilers to The Rear.

(To the Editor of the Interior Journal.)

While republican politicians of Kentucky are getting on their war paint and whetting their knives for the fight over the new deal, a new obstacle rises before them in the shape of new and younger men of advanced ideas and higher character than the old clique, who have hung on to their party for the spoils, with no special claims to fitness, character or service rendered their country.

The fact that these new men are in accord with the expressed sentiments of Mr. Harrison in regard to men and public office, adds new cause for alarm and terror in the office-seekers' ranks. From the colored wing, which composes the greater part of the republican party in this State, the Hon. G. W. Gentry, our fellow townsman, comes to the forefront and expresses his intention of asking for a recognition of his merits in proportion to his claims and services to his people and country. This is a step forward and plainly indicates that the colored brother begins to realize his strength, and don't intend to be content longer with the sop usually dished out heretofore by their white bosses in politics. If Gentry's claims are as well founded as his friends say, he bids fair to be master of the situation. He is over six feet high, with broad shoulders and body in proportion; his manner of speaking is much after the old style of Kentucky orators; great earnestness of conviction, with wild gestures to emphasize every word.

He enlisted in the army and served to the close of the war before reaching his majority. As soon as mustered out of service he took the advice of John G.

— Murray Boring, of Nashville, after an absence of 23 years from Mt. Vernon, is here visiting relatives. G. G. Wine, of your town, was here to day. James Hix starts to Palestine, Tex., to-morrow. A. T. Fish goes to Abilene, Texas, in a few days.

About Horses.

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SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., DECEMBER 14, 1888

E. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

Published Every Tuesday and Friday

\$2 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

When not so paid \$2.50 will be charged.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train leaves Rowland at 7:30 a. m. returning at 6 p. m.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North..... 12:31 p. m.
" South..... 1:31 p. m.
Express train " North..... 11:57 a. m.
Local Freight North..... 6:30 a. m.
" South..... 6:22 p. m.

The latter trains also carry passengers.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

MEANS BUSINESS.

Watches and jewelry repaired and warranted. A. R. Penny.

The best place to buy drugs, patent medicines and toilet articles is at A. R. Penny's.

Buy your school books, ink, tablets, paper, pencils and school supplies of all kinds from A. R. Penny.

I guarantee all watches and every article of jewelry I sell to be just as represented. A. R. Penny.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mrs. LAURA MONTGOMERY is back from Pineville.

Mr. M. C. PORTMAN is attending court at Liberty.

Mrs. FRED STONE is visiting relatives in Rockcastle.

HON. J. S. OWSLEY is visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. R. Manier, at Nashville.

Mrs. SIMS has gone to Louisville to see her mother, Mrs. Jones, who is very ill.

MISS JEAN AND MAGGIE BUCHANAN, of Crab Orchard, are visiting Mrs. A. A. McKinney.

MISS MAGGIE TUCKER, of Crab Orchard, is visiting her sister, Miss Mamie Tucker, at the College.

MR. AND MRS. J. OTENHEIM, of New York, after a very pleasant visit to old friends here, leave for home to-day.

MR. S. H. BAUGHMAN took to Lexington yesterday two promising yearlings by St. Martin, to be entered in the combination sale of W. T. Woodward.

Mrs. HOCKER gave an elegant reception to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hocker on their return from their bridal tour, which was heartily enjoyed by 25 or 30 guests.

Mr. H. N. WARE and family left for their new home in Washington county yesterday. They are excellent people and their friends regret to have them leave us.

JOHN W. YEEKES has returned from his trip South much pleased with the Southern country and delighted with his cruise on the Gulf of Mexico.—Danville Advocate.

MR. JOHN BAUGHMAN was worse yesterday and his family are of the opinion that he can last but a short time. A good citizen and an indulgent father and husband, he will go to his reward full of years and with a record as honorable as any man's.

MR. AND MRS. G. T. McROBERTS had all their children with them Wednesday night, for the first time for years. Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Dunn, Bryantsville; Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Lowell; Mrs. Bettie Frith, Brodhead; Ben McRoberts, Indiana and George T. McRoberts, of this county.

CITY AND VICINITY.

READ W. H. Brady's "ad."

FRESH oysters to-morrow. S. S. Myers.

BANANAS 20 cts. a dz. at S. S. Myers.

IMPORTED FRUITS of all kinds at Metcalf & Foster's.

Don't fail to see A. A. Warren's "ad." It is unique.

FOR RENT—After Jan. 1 a cottage. Apply to Misses Lizzie and Mary Beazley.

WANTED—2,000 turkeys at once. Will pay 5 cents per pound. A. T. Nunnelley.

MALAGA grapes 25c per lb.; sweet Florida oranges 25c per dozen; fine lemons 25c per dozen. S. S. Myers.

OUR READERS will not be at a loss to find where they can get Christmas presents. A perusal of the many "ads" in this issue will solve the problem easily.

You will show your good judgment by calling and buying a nice cloak early, before our stock is too badly broken. We will sell you at cost. Owsley & Craig.

G. W. PETRY, a white man from near Crab Orchard, was lodged in jail yesterday for carrying concealed weapons. He was tried before Squire John A. Chapman. Admision 25 cents.

McROBERTS & STAGG, A. R. Penny, A. A. Warren and Metcalf & Foster have already opened their Christmas trix, so as to give you plenty of time to select from their excellent stocks.

THE Cincinnati Southern announces a holiday rate of 1½ fare for the round trip, Tickets on sale Dec. 21 to 25, good to return Jan. 3; also Dec. 29 to 31, good until Jan. 5. Tickets will be sold also to all points in Southern Passenger Association territory on same dates and rates.

NEW Christmas goods at Zimmer's.

CANDIES, Oranges and Nuts at Metcalf & Foster's.

A MESSENGER from Mr. John Baughman's bedside says the family think he will not live through the night.

NOTHING is more durable or handsome for a Christmas present than a nice cloak. Go to Owsley & Craig's and buy one at cost.

FRESH lot of candies, both French and stick, nuts, figs, Malaga grapes, oranges, apples, raisins and cocoanuts just received at Zimmer's.

TRY our extra clean Jellico nut coal for cooking stoves; not only cheaper, but superior to lump for such purposes. Geo. D. Wearen, manager.

MR. J. H. HILTON has bought out his partner, E. R. Davis, at Rowland, and will run the business in his own name hereafter with Mr. Davis as clerk.

BRO. DARSIE will tell you all about the "Man of Snap" at the Christian church Tuesday night next for the small admission fee of 25 cents. A packed audience is to greet him.

THE second snow of the season and the first of consequence fell Wednesday afternoon. About an inch fell and yesterday looked decidedly winterish without feeling particularly so.

LOOK AT THIS.—We will sell all of our cloaks from now on at cost—\$27.50 cloak for \$20; \$13.50 cloak for \$10; \$10 cloak \$7.50; \$6 cloak for \$4.25. Now is your golden opportunity to buy. Owsley & Craig.

HURT.—R. T. Mattingly, car-repairer at Rowland, missed his aim the other day and struck his hand, tearing the skin off his knuckles and mashing his fingers so he will be unable to work for some time.

AARON GIVENS, an L. & N. brakeman, caught his hand between two drawheads while coupling cars and had it cut completely off Wednesday evening. He was braking on a through freight on the southern end.

It is reported that J. T. Harahan, General Manager of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, has resigned to take the position of Assistant General Manager of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and that Supt. Metcalf is to succeed him.

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ROBERT BLACK, the popular engineer on the K. C., who was so badly hurt in a collision at Paris two months ago, has recovered from his wounds, but the blow on his head has dethroned his reason and he has been placed in the Lexington asylum.

THE HON. Fontaine Fox Bobbitt asks us to announce that he will speak at Gum Sulphur to-morrow night, 15th, on politics and at the same place Sunday morning "on whether the devil has any power to kill, cripple, &c., unless it be given him by God."

Speaking of advertising mediums, this is what those enterprising Danville merchants, Messrs. Robertson & Kinnard, say: "We find that money spent for 'ads.' in the INTERIOR JOURNAL is well invested, as we never fail of a response from your liberal people."

SULLIVAN GOT AWAY WITH SMITH AND THE GIRL.

As Mrs. M. D. Elmore was closing the front shutters of her house Wednesday night about 11 o'clock she saw a man come out of the Methodist church yard with a wheelbarrow. Investigation next morning showed that some sacrilegious thief had become frightened at the snow storm and invaded the sacred precincts of the church's coal bin.

THE IMPRESSION has gone out that Winchester is lighted with electricity furnished by a \$500 dynamo attached to a mill engine. The Democrat says it is altogether wrong. The company paid \$4,000 for its lot and improvements, exclusive of the machinery, which cost \$15,000 and embraces two dynamos and an 87-horse power engine.

THE MAN OF SNAP.—Elder George Darsie, the great pulpit orator, will deliver lecture at the Christian church here next Tuesday night, 18th, for its benefit. Mr. Darsie has presented "The Man of Snap" before audiences in various portions of the country and the press and public are unanimous in its praise. The St. Louis Christian Evangelist calls it "A telling lecture." The Ravinia, O., Republican says: "It enthused and delighted all." The Worcester, Mass., Telegram: "Forbile and vivacious, impressive and entertaining." The Chattanooga Times: "Original and pointed, clear and forcible, chaste and eloquent." The Knoxville Tribune: "Exceedingly interesting and instructive." Pres. E. V. Zollars, of Hiram College, O., (Garfield's college): "It abounds in instruction, wit and common sense. It is a lecture that young people especially cannot fail to hear with great profit." Admission 25 cents.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

About a week ago Mr. Jesse Nance, an aged and respected citizen of the West End, died, and on Wednesday a daughter of his, aged 20, followed him to the tomb.

MR. and Mrs. W. M. O'Bryan were called upon Wednesday night at 8 o'clock to give up their precious first-born, a bright little fellow of 3 years and 5 months—George Ballard. He has been

sick for a month with bronchitis and finally died in a spasm. They took the remains to Chicago (Mr. O'Bryan's former home) for interment. Much sympathy is felt for the young couple in their terrible bereavement.

—Of Bright's disease and rheumatism, after several weeks' illness,

MR. JOHN YOUNG MYERS breathed his last at 1:15 yesterday. He was born in this county Oct. 22, 1824 and with the exception of four years spent for the Lost Cause, has always lived here. A member of Capt. Skanks' company, he was with Morgan in his daring campaigns and made an excellent and gallant soldier.

He was captured with a large portion of his command and spent many months in Camp Douglas as a prisoner of war, suffering many hardships. Returning home after the war, he went into business, but was unfortunate and died without much estate. During Bro. Barnes' long meeting here a number of years ago, he confessed his sins and attached himself to the Presbyterian church.

If he was conscious of his approaching end, he gave no sign of it, but lay for the most part in a sort of stupor. He was a Mason and a man of high principles and courage. After a short discourse at the Myers House Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, by Rev. Ben Helm, the remains will be taken to Lancaster for interment, arriving at about 12 m.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

J. E. Bruce sold a car load of fat hogs at 5 cents.

FOR SALE—22 yearling mules at \$85. F. M. Yowell, Hustonville.

E. T. Pence sold to D. N. Prewitt 10 head of scrub cattle at 3 cents.

E. P. Woods sold to Ben Robinson a lot of cows and heifers at 2 to 3cts.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—Bay mare 3 years old next spring. 14½ hands high, with foretop clipped. S. H. Shanks.

FOR RENT.—36 acres of land; a good house and outbuildings; large orchard and plenty small fruit. G. T. McRoberts, Stanford.

H. F. Rogers shipped to Louisville last week four car-loads of hogs, 238 in number, which he sold at \$5.13½.—Georgetown Times.

A dispatch from Paris says that Geo. Becker, a Cincinnati cattle buyer, has assigned, catching several citizens there for from \$250 to \$5,000.

W. G. Walker bought of D. G. Curry & Rue, of Harrodsburg, one of the premium crops of 40,000 pounds of Mercer county tobacco, at \$7.37½ per cwt.

With an abundant supply, cattle are a shade lower in Cincinnati, prices running from 1½ to 4½; hogs are also lower and are quoted at 4½ to 5.30; sheep are weak at 2 to 4; stockers 2½ to 3½.

J. E. Bruce found one of his large hogs shot the other morning and it died shortly afterwards. He thinks a miserable thief did it, but the animal being able to run, he could not catch it.

More than 1,200 turfmen attended the combination horse sale at Lexington Tuesday, when 38 animals belonging to the Melbourne stable brought an average of \$1,613. Sixteen other horses were sold, taking the aggregate up to \$72,150. The Lioness was bought by McClellan & Roche, of St. Louis, for \$10,100 and Galilee, by McCoy, of South Carolina, for \$3,500.

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GUM SULPHUR, Dec. 13.—Quite a sensation was created in our little town yesterday when it was made known that Miss Lelia Francisco, accompanied by Miss Mollie Talbot and Jack Fish had left in the night for Jellico. They were joined at Woodbine by Mr. Marion Sullivan, who on arriving at Jellico was united in marriage to Miss Lelia. The party returned to Gum Sulphur on the first train, and after receiving congratulations from their friends, Mr. Sullivan and wife returned to his home in Williamsburg. Mr. Bage Smith was to have been married to Miss Lelia on Wednesday evening, but Sullivan, hearing of it came down Sunday and put a stop to it. Not only was Bage sadly disappointed, but several others. B. K. Wearen's man Mr. Pete Parrott, was on hand to sell the required furniture, but missed it. "Ah, there," Pete!

THE NAPIER HOUSE, LIBERTY, KY.

F. W. WARRINGER, PROP'R.

I have leased the above Hotel and intend running it in first-class style in every particular. Special attention to commercial men.

88-6m Mrs. MARY B. PATTEN, Crab Orchard, Ky.

THE MCKINNEY HIGH SCHOOL!

Will open again.

On February 4th, 1889.

Many pupils have already engaged and the prospects are much better than last term for a full school. Our work is thorough, as is shown by the teacher who comes from the west. We shall make a specialty the entrance term of the Common School and Teachers' Course, hence those expecting to teach could scarcely do better than enter our classes.

Rates from \$1 to \$3 per month.

87-4t Mrs. M. F. DENNY, Principal.

Assistant.

W. H. BRADY.

Dealer In—

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS!

A Fresh Supply Always on Hand.

Elegant Baskets Prepared on short notice.

I keep nothing but the very best.

—THE NEW—

English Kitchen!

No. 408 Jefferson street.

Four doors below 4th Ave. LOUISVILLE.

GEO. W. HINESLEY, Prop'r.

Fine Orders a Specialty.

Open Day and Night.

Elegantly Furnished Rooms.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

Holiday Goods in Endless Variety!

—THE—

Largest and Nicest Holiday Stock ever Displayed

In Stanford; don't fail to make us a visit before you make your purchases. We have

PRESENTS

For all, old, young, great and small. You will find that our display of Ladies' and Gents'

Gold and Silver Watches,
JEWELRY and SILVERWARE,
HEADQUARTERS FOR S

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE.

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
100 Wall Street, New York.

LEE F. HUFERMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.
Office south side Main, two doors above Depot St.

G. A. BENEDICT & CO.,
Well Drillers & Pump Adjusters,
STANFORD, KY.

Wells drilled to order and Pumps furnished at factory prices.

SAW MILL FOR SALE!

Also Land and Stock.

I desire to leave Kentucky I will sell at great sacrifice a saw mill complete with 10 horse boilers and 200 horse engines, 2 water wheels, 2 log houses, 2 horses, wagons, a buckboard, a spring wagon and harness, 3 pairs of cattle, 3 mules, 1 horse, a grist mill complete, and my farm of 500 acres of good land well timbered. Will sell privately.

MARTIN SMITH,
Maywood, Ky.

S. C. DAVIS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
MT. VERNON, KY.

Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children.

JACKSON HOUSE
LONDON, KENTUCKY.

CAPT. FRANK B. RILEY, PROPRIETOR.
Thoroughly Remodeled and Refreshed. First-class Fare and Reasonable Prices. Day and night trains are met by Police Porters, of this Popular House.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop.,
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

NEWCOMB HOTEL.
MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop.,
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

O. H. M'ROBERTS, M. D.,
STANFORD, KY.

Office on Lancaster Street, opposite Court-House.

Having removed to this place from Liberty, to practice his profession, calls the attention of the public to the fact that he will be ready at all hours day or night to attend calls to or from the same. His services are sought in surgery and he desires it unnecessary to speak of his abilities as a physician and surgeon. A share of the patronage of the people of Stanford and vicinity is asked by him.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Diseases has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; strengthens the Vocal Organs; allays soreness of the Lungs; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pain in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman Headlight, Morristown, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Gallatin, Tenn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few doses of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give so speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—John Lovell, 1237 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Bought by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

She Met Him the Second Time.

De Wolf Hopper has the reputation of being the most credulous man that walks the streets. It is not that he is hoodwinked by applicants for charity, but he has a repugnance to giving any one a chance to say that he is stingy. For all this it gives him a three-cornered pain to know absolutely that he has been beaten. During his present engagement here he was taking a stroll one afternoon and a woman met him on the street and asked if he could inform her which depot she should go to get a train for Evanston. Mr. Hopper happened to know that Evanston was on the Northwestern road and he knew that the depot was on Kinzie street. All this he told the woman, and while he was doing so she suddenly burst into tears and informed the comedian that she was very desirous of reaching that point, but that she only had fifteen cents in money. As she was rather comely in looks and not badly dressed, Mr. Hopper at once concluded that it was a case of deserving charity, and he was not an instant in producing a silver dollar, which he pressed into her hand, saying: "Take this, matron; take this; it's all right; don't apologize and don't thank me." Mr. Hopper continued his walk. He was trying to count all the buildings in the city that were over eight stories high, and had reached the corner of Dearborn and Adams streets, when he heard a familiar voice say: "Excuse me, but I am a stranger here, and I wish you would direct me to the right depot for Elginwood." Mr. Hopper gave her one look, it was the same woman who had accosted him two hours before. With a saddened voice he replied: "Yes, madam, I am. You take the train I directed you to about two hours ago for Evanston, and if you have good luck you will get there."—Chicago Herald.

A Great Genius.

A young lady went into the office of a literary magazine.

"I have a pretty story," she said to the editor. "It is striking and strictly original."

"Leave it," the editor groaned.

"Not if you value your life!" the editor exclaimed.

"Sir?"

"I said that I must go home to my wife."

"Well, let me tell you a part of the story:

A young girl is working in a hat factory. One day she stitches her name in the hat."

"And afterward meets the fellow who buys the hat and marries him!" the editor exclaimed.

"Oh no. That night the factory catches fire and is burned up."

"What does no one rescue the hat and marry the girl?"

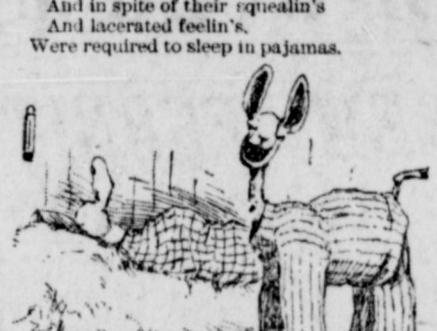
"No."

"Miss, your fortune is made. We want everything you write. You have done a great work for American literature!"—Arkanus Traveler.

A Lamentable Tale.



These unfortunate beautiful llamas were taken away from their mammas, And in spite of their equine's And lacerated feelin's. Were required to sleep in pajamas.



Those unfortunate beautiful llamas were taken away from their mammas, And in spite of their equine's And lacerated feelin's. Were required to sleep in pajamas.

Frost's Stuff and Nonsense.

bits from Amateur Novels.

A western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of a public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions:

"Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends."

"But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers."

"My father desred me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of money save the gaming table."

"'Vat I dell you, vat I dell you?' shouted the Irishman."

"As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."

"She forgot the Lord and all his blessings, and after that she went and got married."—New York Tribune.

A Poor Prescription.

Mr. Whiffles—Doctor, I hear you have a sure cure for insomnia. I wish you would treat me for it, as it is almost impossible for me to get to sleep.

"Doctor—Certainly. My plan is very simple.

As soon as you lie down at night begin to count, and keep on counting until you get to sleep.

"Is counting all it is? Why, doctor, counting is just what I do every night of my life, and it doesn't put me to sleep at all."

"Eh? What do you count?"

"Oh, household expenses, unpaid bills, time left on notes and all sorts of things."—Philadelphia Record.

Let Him Come Out.

Exert your talents and distract yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire.

I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do and sleep.

The Only Perfect Remedy.

For habitual constipation, dyspepsia, and kindred ills is the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It strengthens as well as cleanses the system, and is easily taken, and perfectly harmless.

For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

Syrup of Figs.

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to cleanse the system when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Plies, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal.

For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Some of Their Harrowing Matrimonial Experiences.

I suppose every husband is subject to what might be called "sudden fits," and I hope every wife tries to bear up under them with philosophical patience. The other Sunday morning, five minutes after Mr. Bowser had gone to his room to get ready for church, he roared at me (Mrs. Bowser) over the banister:

"Mrs. Bowser, are you the woman of the house or only a lady boarder?"

"Why, dear?"

"Don't why dear me, Mrs. Bowser! If I pretended to be a housekeeper I'd look after things once in a while!"

"Anything wrong?"

"Anything wrong? Do I waste my breath in talking when everything is all right?"

"What is it?" I asked as I reached the head of the stairs.

He held a clean shirt in one hand, and with the other he pointed to it with a dramatic flourish and whispered:

"Buttons?"

"Buttons—now?"

"Not a solitary button on this shirt, and yet you find time to gad downtown every day. That's the kind of a wife you are!"

"Mr. Bowser, do you mean shirt buttons?"

"Do I? You don't suppose I'm looking for overcoat buttons on my shirt, do you?"

"Well, then, you haven't had a shirt button on your shirts for ten years. You and all others use collar buttons. Your collar buttons are in the shirt you have on."

It struck him all in a heap. He saw how he had trapped himself, but he went to his room, muttering:

"That's it! She always has an excuse ready for everything."

One awful hot day in July he spoke about changing his socks after his bath, and I told him in the plainest of English that he would find clean ones in his lowest bureau drawer. That might be came home and began:

"Can you tell me what day during the next month you will have two minutes to spare?"

"Why?"

"Because, if you ever get them, perhaps you can devote a few seconds to darning the holes in my socks. I've had to limp around all the afternoon on that account."

"It can't be!"

"Oh no! You are such a model housekeeper that it can't be, of course! Look here!"

He pulled off his shoes and lo! he had on his heavy winter socks, every thread wool. There were two or three holes, but they were not to be darned until fall, of course.

"Mr. Bowser, where did you get those socks?" I asked.

"Out of the trunk in the clothes press, of course."

"And you go and put on January socks in July! You have six pairs of clean cotton socks in the lower drawer of the bureau."

"I'll bet you \$10,000 there isn't even one pair there! I looked through every drawer five times over!"

I took him up and showed him the socks, counting them out pair by pair, and he looked at me very seriously and observed:

"Yes, I see 'em, but were they there when I looked for 'em? How easy for you to have sneaked up and placed 'em here an hour ago!"

He had some wearing apparel which he said I might sell to buy some toys for the baby. I got the clothes down and went through every pocket twice over. In one of the coats I found a receipt bill for \$26 worth of lumber, and I laid it on Mr. Bowser's desk. A man came for the clothes and took them away, and three hours later, when Mr. Bowser came home, I told him of my发现.

"You got just half what he would have paid me," he replied, and the subject was dropped for half an hour. Then all of a sudden he jumped up and exclaimed:

"You've finally done it, just as I expected you would!"

"Done what?"

"I remember that I left a valuable paper in that brown coat. It was a receipt lumber bill, and they may send the bill again any day."

"I looked in the pockets."

"Oh, yes, you looked! You looked just like any other wife who was in a hurry to get the clothes out of the house and the money in her hand."

I went and got the receipt and asked him if that was the one. He grudgingly admitted that it was and added:

"I presume the old chose man found it and returned it. I must reward him for his honesty."

It was only three nights ago that Mr. Bowser took \$5 from his wallet and handed it to me with the remark:

"The man won't probably come with the oats until after I have gone in the morning. Take this and pay him." Next morning he sat down to breakfast looking so very sober that I asked:

"Are you sick, Mr. Bowser?"

"I ought to be. When people are robbed they are generally made sick."

"Have you been robbed?"

"I have."

"Last night?"

"For mercy's sake but did some one get into our house?"

"I do not know. When I went to bed last night I had \$5 in my wallet. This morning I have only \$50."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NOT HIS OWN.

The Story of Bob's Temptation and Its Lesson.



COLD day in winter in a small market town; snow on the ground. A girl, looking out of a window over a small fancy shop thinks it all very dreary. She has an anxious face for she is not more than fifteen years old.

A year ago Agnes Burton's father died, leaving a delicate wife and two children in poor circumstances. Agnes had been well taught, and had profited by the opportunities she had had, and Mrs. Burton's great anxiety was to give Robert a hasty, mischievous boy of ten years—the best education possible. They moved to Thornbury in order that he should attend a small grammar-school there, and Agnes worked very hard to earn the money to pay his schooling by teaching the four little children belonging to Mrs. Procter, over whose shop they lodged. But Mrs. Burton, always delicate, had fallen quite ill, and Agnes had a great deal thrown on her young shoulders. She was now watching anxiously for Robert's return from school.

And where was Robert? Afternoon school had been over more than an hour, and the boys had got tired of snow-balling one another, and had most of them gone home. But in a side street leading out of the market-place three or four little boys were looking into a small shop where "pure sweets" of a truly terrible appearance, large and many-colored, were sold, together with toys and a nondescript collection of articles.

Yes, there were four little boys, all looking as if their money would burn a hole in their pockets if they passed this "so delightful shop without buying any thing. And one of these boys was Robert Burton. He stood, hands in pockets, solemnly staring at the window. The other three boys were evidently trying to persuade him to do something for which he was not quite prepared.

"Now, really, Bob, come! It's your turn to-day," said a merry, roguish-looking boy, a little older than the rest. "I've nothing in my pocket."

"Nor I," said Pat Lancy.

"And I've only a penny," said little Maurice, the youngest of the four, putting his hand on Robert's shoulder. "And I know Bob's got a whole shilling, because he told me so."

"Have you now, Bob?" said Pat.

"Well, yes," said Bob. His face wore a curious expression, partly pride at being able to acknowledge that he was the possessor of so large a sum of money, partly disconcerted.

"But I can't spend it," came from him rather feebly.

"Not spend it!" cried the other boys.

"A whoo! Blarney, and not spend a penny on his friends! Well! I call that mean!" said Pat.

"And stingy," observed Maurice.

"Stop that, youngster!" shouted Robert, shaking off little Maurice. "What business is it of yours? My money's my own, I suppose."

But he never told them what would have made it all easy; that the money was none of his own, but had been given him by his



BOD'S TEMPTATION.

hard-working young sister to buy some prunes for his mother. And he had to go outside the green-grocer's, and take the grapes home with him that night.

"Oh, well," said Jack, the elder boy, "leave him alone. I don't want any one to give me anything if they don't like it." Now, how easy it would have been for Robert to have told them, and the boys would have said no more. But he wouldn't; he liked the boys to think the shilling was his very own.

"I don't believe he has a shilling at all," observed Pat.

"I have," cried Robert, angrily; "here it is." And he took it from his pocket. And then he thought: "I dare say the grapes will only be tempered; instead of a shilling." Then, as quick as lightning: "But the twopence is not your own," darted through his mind. And then: "It's a shame for a boy to be kept so short of money as I am." It seemed as if two voices were arguing within him. "R in to the green-grocer's, and make taste home," his better self whispered. But, alas! he turned a deaf ear.

"Come along in," he said to his companions. "I'll give you twopence, and we can get lots of sweets for that."

"I'd give my penny," said Maurice, "but our little Rosie, she does want a penny doll so, and I'm going to buy her one."

"Ah! how Robert's heart smote him. What was he doing with his sister's money? But it was too late now, or so he thought. The twopence was on the counter, and the woman was weighing the sweets. They were equally divided, and Bob parted from his friends. He put a big sweet into his mouth as he walked along. "These follow us used to taste nice," he thought; "but this is uncommonly nasty." Ah, Bob! the sweet was the same, but how did you come by it?

Outside the green-grocer's Robert stopped, and thrust his hands into those poor little pockets of his again. Pulling them out hastily, a blank look passed over his face. What had the sweet-shop woman given him as change? Sixpence, a threepenny bit and a penny. He remembered noticing the threepenny bit, it was so bright. But it was gone! At length Bob turned his pocket inside out. There was a little hole in the bottom, ala! "What a fool to go back!" he thought. "Of course it is picked up by this time." Besides, it was getting dark. Sevenpence only! What good to ask about the change? Bob he went in, and in a trembling voice inquired the price.

"A shilling the smallest bunch," replied the green-grocer in a gruff voice; "and then by half."

"Haven't you one for sevenpence?" ventured Bob.

THE MILL BOYS.

An Interesting Autobiography by One of Them.



I AM going to tell a bit of my own experience—an experience that I am not likely to forget. My name has not a single vine or leaf of romance clinging about its sound: in short, my name is Zeb Brown. I was brought up in the country, without the advantages of education, but by the light of a brush fire I contrived to read a few old books; and permit me to say that a close acquaintance with a few masterful books is often better than a more pretentious education.

A short time after I had attained my majority, which indeed was all I did attain—I went over into a distant neighborhood and began work at a saw-mill. The owner of the mill—Old Bill Plunkett—was a brusque old fellow; and, as far as books were concerned, was about as ignorant a man as I had ever seen, except possibly, my father, who, after the extreme effort, could not have spelled him.

Old Bill seemed to respect me, not because I could read and write and cipher a little upon a pinch, but because I was a very strong and active young fellow, and consequently very handy in rolling logs.

One day after I had lifted the end of a log which had been declared to be beyond the strength of any man in the party, Old Bill invited me to go home and take supper with him. This was a surprise, for he had never shown so great a preference to any of the other boys, holding himself, as did, greatly above them. I went. He lived about two miles from the mill, not in a frame house as you would suppose from the fact that he owned a saw-mill, but in an old log house daubed with clay and not well daubed either. He hadn't much to say as we walked along the road, and just as soon as we had entered the house, instead of extending to me the courtesy of conversation, he fell to cutting ham strings from a piece of leather which he took down from the clock shelf.

Some time elapsed before any one else entered the room. Then, after eight foot-steps in an adjoining room, there entered a girl. As soon as I saw her I knew that I must have looked like a fool. What could you expect of a green young fellow, unused to the society of ladies? I say what could you expect of such a young fellow upon being held in a girl's arms? Old Bill invited me to go home and take supper with him.

"What is the matter, angel?" I asked. "Oh, something awful has happened," she replied. "Father found the last letter you sent to me and got some one to read it to him. He didn't say any thing, but it was Kit living on a bed. Oh, what a change."

"Don't be afraid, little girl," I said. "He likes me, I think; and when he sees that we are determined he will give in. There, now, don't be afraid."

I went to the mill as usual the next day. The old man had not arrived. I did not dread his coming. Love had made me brave. He came after awhile. He walked straight up to me.

"Good morning," I said. "Great God!

Weeks passed before I knew anything. I lay in a little cabin where I boarded. Winter came, and I grew able to walk about the room. I had heard that Kit was a closely confined prisoner. One night, the night before Christmas, there came a violent knock at my door. I opened the door and staggered back. It was Old Bill.

"Kit wants to see you," he said. "I brought the wagon. Come."

I went with him. Neither of us spoke. When we reached the house I could hardly mount the door-step. I went in. There was Kit lying on a bed. Oh, what a change. I sank upon my knees at the bedside, and tried to take her wasted hands, but she wound her arms about my neck. My face lay upon the glorious hair from which the smile, when I first saw her, had seemed to fall.

"Angel," I whispered. She pressed me closer.

Closer she pressed me—closer, closer, and then the pressure was gone—the arms fell. I don't know how long I knelt there, but when I lifted my head the sunlight of a glorious Christmas morning streamed through the window. Just then a man entered. "Look here," he said, opening the door. I took out and saw Old Bill hanging from a tree.

"The mill boys," the man whispered.

OPIE P. READ.

spirit, I must say, held himself greatly above the boys who worked for him.

One day the old man, with great hurry, declared that he had left his pipe at home. "I will go and bring it for you," I exclaimed, and without waiting to hear any reply, either of remonstrance or agreement, I leaped over the low rail fence that surrounded the mill yard, and set out at a brisk walk along the road that wound among the great trees. Was there ever so long a distance? At last I saw the house. Kit opened the door for me. She blushed. I wondered why a young girl should blush upon seeing so strapping and awkward a fellow. I told her of my mission, and then we both began to talk of the books we both loved so well. Ah! what is sweeter, and what can be purer than the uneducated backwoodsman's love of books? I suddenly thought of the long time I was staying, and sprang to my feet. As I hurried along the road a sweet remembrance came to me. It was that Kit and I should meet the next Sunday at a place which we had appointed.

When I arrived at the mill the old man, pretty angry he was, too, demanded the reason why I had staid so long.

"I came upon a man whose wagon had broken down in the road," I replied, "and helped him to mend it."

What a lie—yes, what a pardonable lie.

The cold frown of winter was softened into the warm smile of spring. Kit and I had often met. She had promised to be my

wife—I had held her in my arms. Old Bill suspected nothing; at least he said nothing, but I knew that in his ignorance he would not consent to our marriage. One day when I met Kit in the woods I found her much excited.

"What is the matter, angel?" I asked.

"Oh, something awful has happened," she replied. "Father found the last letter you sent to me and got some one to read it to him. He didn't say any thing, but it was Kit living on a bed. Oh, what a change."

"Don't be afraid, little girl," I said. "He likes me, I think; and when he sees that we are determined he will give in. There, now, don't be afraid."

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"Good morning," I said. "Great God!

Wiggins—And so you are going South to spend the winter, Algy?

Baboo—Aw, yaas; my constitution, ye know, is too delicate to stand the rigors of this climate.

Wiggins—But there's your fur-lined overcoat!

Baboo—That's just the trouble, dear boy. Nobody but a cart-man could endure the fatigue of wearing that garment; and yet if I stayed here I wouldn't dare to appear on the streets in any thing else!

"Miss Phyllis," he kindly interrupted her, "you express my own opinion exactly. When shall we enter upon the experiment?"

"Whenever you like," was the demure reply. "Judge."

He Made It a Success.

"Do you believe marriage is a failure, Miss Phyllis?" he asked, as he leaned over the back of her chair, watching her lithe body to and fro through the bright-colored wool.

"Really, Mr. Dukes," was the hesitating reply, "I have never had an adequate opportunity of testing—that is—I prefer not to express an opinion until—"

"Miss Phyllis," he kindly interrupted her, "you express my own opinion exactly. When shall we enter upon the experiment?"

"Whenever you like," was the demure reply. "Judge."

Wiggins—We are sole Agents for the

North Pole!

Jones—This is rather cool for November, isn't it, Mr. Smith?

Smith—No, indeed. Several years ago, when I was a young man, I found it cooler in August than it is now.

Jones—You must have been searching for the North Pole then!

Smith—You are mistaken. I kissed a Boston schoolmarm, and her spectacles froze to my mustache before our lips met.

—Arco Reco d.

A Venerable Toad.

Local antiquarians and zoologists are enchanted at present with a live toad found in the course of railway excavations at Greenock, Scotland. The toad is from 20,000 to 30,000 years old, as the stratum of clay in which it was found certainly dates from the glacial period. Its mouth is sealed up. It breathes slightly through the nostrils, and, though the eyes are quite expressive, it does not seem to see.—*Scientific American*.

Hedg on a Bet.

"Helloa, Bromley, that isn't the fair thing! You promised that if your side lost the election, you'd shave off your whisker."

"Weil, haven't I?"

"Yes, but you've shaved off both of them."

"On, that's all right. I lost the other one in the same kind of a bet with Darringer."—Time.

A Good Title.

"I think," the poet said, "I'll call

My book of poems *Autumn Leaves*, For then the sad condition that

My heart so sorely grieves

Will be confronted and removed—

For autumn leaves, 'tis said,

However scared they chance to be,

Are largely red!"—*Harper's Bazaar*.

The Boy and the Gun.

The shooting season has set in, and the average Texas boy begins to worry about his parents for a gun, with which he will doubtless create much devastation.

"Fa," said little Tommy Verger, "can't you spare money enough to buy me a gun?"

"My son, I am going to get you a gun when I can spare a boy, but not before."—Texas Settlers.

A Settlement.

Smith—Say, Jones, give me a couple of dollars, will you?

Jones—Certainly.

Smith—Thanks. That will make four I owe you.

Jones—You will owe me nothing. I mean that you are to keep the two dollars you borrowed a year ago as a gift.—Life.

A Sure Sign.

"Any important news in railroad circles to-day?" asked the editor, as Faber rushed into the office and hastily began to scribble into a pad.

"Yes, there must be a frightful accident down the road, for when I called at the office I was told there was no information for the press to-day"—Puck.

A Small Favor.

He—Darling, I love you!

She—I love you, too.

He—I know it, sweetest; and that is why I want you to do me a great favor.

She—Willingly.

He—Tell your sister Maude that I want to marry her.—Tone.

Wife—I am afraid, my dear, that Clara's quarrel with young Mr. Sampson is a very serious matter.

Husband—Nonsense; they will be as devoted to us ever in a few days.

Wife—No, John, I think you are mistaken. No girl will quarrel with her lover just before Christmas unless there are good and sufficient reasons for it.

MONETARY: Charksby—"Good morning, Mrs. Gaddy. Shopping, I see?" Mrs. Gaddy—"Yes, I've been picking up a few little things for Christmas." C.—"I haven't seen Mr. Gaddy on 'change lately." Mrs. G. (laconically)—"I have!"

BOSTON LANDLORD (to

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the 2d Tuesday in January, 1889, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

87 J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the 2d Tuesday in January, 1889, for the purpose of electing eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year.

87 JON I. McROBERTS, Cashier.

TO HORSEMEN!

I am Agent for W. T. Woodward's

COMBINATION SALE!

Which commences Feb. 18, 1889. Those desiring entry blanks can obtain them by addressing me. Entries close January 1, 1889.

WM. RUE,

Danville, Ky.

Blue Grass Nurseries

FALL, 1888.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees of All Kinds.

Small Fruits, Asparagus, Grape Vines, and everything usually found in such an establishment. A full stock. Prices low. We pay no agents. Descriptive catalogue on application.

H. F. HILLENMEYER,

Lexington, Ky.

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JESSE J. THOMPSON,



Waiter (gorgeously attired, to young lady at half—May I have ze pleasure to—Young Lady—Well, really, sir, my card is about full, and—

Waiter—To bring ze cup of ze coffee! Young Lady (discovering his identity)—Certainly, stupid.—Harper's Bazar.

Rules in a Frontier Hotel.

In the hall and nailed in a conspicuous place was a board upon which was pasted a long and formidable set of rules that would have terrified any northern visitor entering Helena for the first time. The following extracts from the rules I here quote from memory for the purpose of affording the reader some idea of the exact nature of the regulations of the hotel in question as they appeared in print:

Rule I.—Gests must pony up 1 dollar and 3 bits before sinin the book."

"Short bits dont kown heer. No nickels or koper sents taken."

"Gests will leve what weepins so's they'll go off in the nite."

"Sope & towl will be found neer watring trof."

"No fitin or shutin allowed in the bed rumes."

"Gests must sine thair names evry day & pay accordingly."

"Enny gest how isn't satisfyd with these rools must mosay or stand the honesquenes."—Boston Courier.

The Kind of Blogy That Pays.

Reporter—There is not a very large house to-night.

Manager—No; Professor Lorettyer doesn't generally draw much of a crowd.

Reporter—What is his profession?

Manager—Anthropology. Professor Bigarn has the hall for to-morrow evening, and he will no doubt be greeted with a big house.

Reporter—What his specialty?

Manager—Physiology.—Yankee Blade.

Business vs. Pleasure.

Mother—Goodness me! Is that Irene at the piano?

Little Son—Yes, ma.

"Well, go as her what she is doing.

If she is practicing, she can keep on until the hour is up; but if she is playing, tell her to stop."—Philadelphia Record.

A German Compliment.

Young Lady—If you don't stop paying me compliments I'll put my hands over my ears.

The Herr Professor—Ach! Mees Chones, zey are too schmalz!—Harper's Bazar.

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Daily except Sunday... 1.25 3.25 6.50

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Young Lady—If you don't stop paying me compliments I'll put my hands over my ears.

The Herr Professor—Ach! Mees Chones, zey are too schmalz!—Harper's Bazar.

An attractive centerpiece is a fruit holder with a cameo bowl and silver frame in Assyrian style, upheld by two meditating cupids.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Why should Dr. Pierce's medicines not distance all competitors in amount of sales, as they are doing, since they are the only medicines sold by druggists possessed of such wonderful curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to cure the diseases for which they are recommended. You get a cure or money paid for them returned. The Doctor's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all diseases caused caused by derangement of the liver, as biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia; also all blood, skin and scalp diseases, tetter, salt-rheum, scrofulous sores and swellings and kindred ailments.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy

and be cured.

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